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1. Poetry, American

Dea

NB!
Ramsdell

A BENEDICTION
AND
OTHER VERSES

TO THE MEMORY

OF

Fanny

WHOSE CONSTANT COMPANIONSHIP

SWEETENED CHILDHOOD, AND

GAVE A LIVING IMPETUS

IN AFTER YEARS

A BENEDICTION AND OTHER VERSES BY LEILA R. RAMSDELL

Published by EDWIN S. GORHAM
Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, *New York*, 1901

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VERSES IN REMEMBRANCE

A BENEDICTION

GOD rest thy soul, belov'd one,
  Increase His joy in thee,
And draw thee nearer—nearer—
  Toward Heaven's ecstacy.

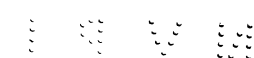
I think of thee as standing
  In blessed, chasten'd light,
Like that which fills the dawning
  When risen toward its height.

I think of thee as breathing
  A flower-scented air—
Those gentler, subtler odors
  That seem translation, here.

God rest thy soul, belov'd one,
  God grant His grace to me,
And daily make me meeter
  To rest in Him with thee.

A MEMORY

HAD I the painter's skill, thus would I paint:
A slender figure, frail, ethereal,
In long, loose morning robe of lucid red,
O'erhung by dark-brown lengths of finest tress
Falling about a frail, ethereal face;
With deep-fringed eyes o'erpenciled daintily,
Clear gray, beneath a high and noble brow.
Wondrous the strength a fine-wrought nature holds!—
O well-belov'd, no marvel were it though
Thy fervid soul had crushed thy fragile frame.
Thou lodestone of affection's richest wealth,
I ever yielded thee my heart's best love—
That best were feebleness beside thine own.



A MEMORY

I will not term thee "pearl" of woman-
kind;
That were a word too careless of the true
And self-renouncing women I have known;
But with all gentleness of love for these,
With reverence for each sweet excellence,
Where may I find her whose intelligence
Conscience and spirit found so high a
plane?

CHIAROSCURO

A MINGLING light and shadow
Hath fallen on my heart,
With play of flickering changes
That passes painter's art.

Freed, freed, a strong young soul that erst
In frail flesh form did lie,
That bound her powers as chrysalis bound
The quick-winged butterfly.

But from earth's blessings dearest,
One floated from the sight;
Of brightest guiding torches,
One vanished in the night.

This spot, our home long cherished,
Seems less a resting-place,
Though sweetly grows familiar
Yon unknown realm of space.

O Christ, whom seek we sighing,
O Christ, the bloom of joy,

CHIAROSCURO

I raise the smile toward Thy face,
  Thy bosom takes the sigh.

Thou ever-present refuge,
  In whom Thy servants rest,
Our faintest heart-pulsations
  Do beat against Thy breast.

O Lord, the dearly cherished
  By one now gone from me,
Are souls so far asunder
  Who both commune with Thee?

THOU DEAR ONE

THOU dear one, who hast waked the
mourner's sigh—
What bounteous bloom may'st show 'neath
other sky?
So grateful, here, thy blossoming sweet
we found,
What lovelier flower may bloom on worth-
ier ground?
Thou blessest yet the spot thou mad'st so
fair,
Plucked violets sweeten still their olden
air.

WHERE'ER

WHERE'ER, O dearly loved one,
May lie yon spirit place,
What knows the soul of distance,
What knows the soul of space?

I feel thy dear, dear presence
Though ethers flow between,
Though spheres, though constellations,
May, myriad, intervene.

As one alone who sitteth,
Yet in some room anigh,
Hears dear, familiar footsteps,
And feels a friend is by.

Who else in daily meeting,
Of all thou left behind,
Can meet so high the yearnings
That throng the heart and mind?

What is it space containeth,
To hide thy grace from me?

WHERE'ER

Or what of earth's attracting
To hold my thought from thee?

Oh, tenderly beloved one,
'Twas joy to make joy thine;
Sown pleasures by thy pathway
Bloomed pleasures, sweet, by mine.

Oh, dearly, dearly loved one,
With thee entwinéd are
My thoughts, when earthward watching,
When Heavenward ris'n, afar.

More swift than swallow, darting
To light on neighboring tree,
In the love of God, our keeper,
My heart will turn to thee.

THE ROADWAY

YOUNG beauties of the tender spring,
So thickly sprung around,
Sweet charms long dear to one not here,—
Sweet sight, sweet scent, sweet sound.

A pang, that darteth to the heart,
Is with your beauty borne,
As wound were made by jeweled blade
Or lovely rose's thorn.

Fair, evanescent charms of Spring,
That yearly pass us by—
Like these, so sweet; like these, so fleet,
Earth's joys do bloom to die.

My soul, now linger here awhile
And sweet thy lesson trace;
Hast thou this ground a roadway found,
Not thine abiding place?

Pine not for roadside beauties past,
That grace thy toiling way;
There be thy lure, where joys endure,
And joys more full than they.

THE GOAL

YE widely scattered Faithful,
  Where'er your true hearts burn,
Where'er your lots are portioned,
  One way all eyes do turn.

O waiting Church Expectant,
  O Church contending here,
Ye both are upward gazing,
  One sight to both is dear.

To you 'tis as the dawning,
  Who calmly watch on high;
To us, a space of glory,
  Rent through a cloud-spread sky.

Lord, help, oh, help the warring,
  Refresh us with Thy face;
Lord rest, oh, rest the waiting,
  Endue with added grace.

O Life, for which we battle,
  O Life, for which they bide,

THE GOAL

How blest to breathe Thy fullness,
With them so dear beside.

With nearer, fuller vision
Th' All-Glorious to adore,
Beyond the unsufficing
To live forevermore.

RELIGIOUS VERSES

THE ALL-INCLUDING

MIGHTY Father of creation;
Myriad things we hear and see,
Holy things in man and nature,
Bear the blest impress of Thee.

When I stand beneath Thine heaven,
Walk Thine earth, and breathe Thine air,
When I join with men, Thy servants,
THOU delight'st me every where,—

In the special act of worship,
Song of praise, and litany;
In the constant, close communion,
Of my varying life with Thee.

Not displacing earth's true claimants,
High delight in Thee doth call;
But surrounding, permeating,
Rising on above them all.

A CHANCEL WINDOW

'TWAS sunrise service, Christmas Day;
The dim, deep chancel eastward lay;
Upon its window, dimly traced,
And by the rising daylight chased,
The Mother and the Blessed Child.
The church is silent. Hark! a mild
Sweet strain of singing nears the door,
While whiter daylight rises o'er;
And from the features of the Child
A bright ray beams, as He had smiled.

GOOD FRIDAY

HOW long, O Lord, shall Thy white pearls
Be trodden in the ground?
How long shall Thy harmonious name
In jarring accents sound?

They, they alone, the prophets stoned,
To whom the prophets came,
And best can those blaspheme the Lord
Who know His holy name.

'Twas meet, O blessed Christ, 'twas meet
Thy perfect sacrifice
Was offered where, to worldly view,
The most dishonor lies.

Thy praise is told by slights of men
As though by angels sung;
Where shines Thy luminous crown more bright,
Than where the stains were flung?

AN ASCRIPTION OF PRAISE

For Ascension Day

GLORIOUS art Thou,
O blessed Lord Christ,
Who art ris'n to glory awaiting;
Glorious the Father
Whom Thou hast reveal'd,
To whom Thou art now returnéd;
Glorious the Spirit
Who taketh of Thine,
And showeth it ever among us;
Glorious Trinity,
Thrice ever blessed,
In glory beyond conception.

MY HYMN

MY Lord, my life, my glory,
My being's full delight:
How shall I tell Thy comforts—
Thy raptures how recite!
I say not balm for sorrow,
Not help when blessings flee;
Thyself art joy excelling,
My Lord, mine ecstasy.

Thou brightenest my blessings
Like day upon the dew,
While pleasures evanescent
May feed the eternal, true;
In midst of loss or sorrow
No barren waste I see,
For e'en life's desert spaces
Are all abloom with Thee.

Lord, give me tender patience
For those that have Thee not;
Long suffering for their failings,
Kind pity for their lot;

MY HYMN

Their woes are bare of comfort,
  Their joys are joys that flee:
O Lord, my God, have mercy
  On those that love not Thee.

Dream they the joy of living
  Within Thy dawning light?
Dream they the endless beauties
  Before the spirit's sight?
How scant, how unsufficing,
  This life of ours must be!
O Lord, my God, have mercy
  On them that love not Thee.

Who knows the hearth-side comforts,
  The guardian-love of kin,
The wayside blooms of friendship,—
  Earth's loves, without, within:
All men who know these treasures,
  And hold them worthily,
May dream, though poorly, poorly,
  What is my joy in Thee.

MY HYMN

Who knows the love of woman,
  Blest with the heart of one,
The subtle sweet communion
  Of minds in unison ;
All men who prize this holy,
  Enraptured sympathy,
May dream, may dream, though poorly,
  What is my joy in Thee.

O Light of earth and Heaven ;
  Gleam o'er the paths gone by ;
Sun of all ways before us ;
  O Joy of joys, for aye ;
I say not balm for sorrow,
  Not help when blessings flee ;
THYSELF are joy transcendant,
  My Lord, mine ecstasy.

BEYOND

AS one in a thick-built city,
Who sighs for the pure sweet air,
And comforts his heart with pictures
Of meadows, green and fair,

So, here, 'mid the false and formal,
'Mid stunted and stifled lives,
I comfort my heart with pictures
Of a land where the lovely thrives,—

Wide-peopled with holy beings,
Whose ways are like Nature's own,
Who are clad like the fields' fair lilies,
And speak in their hearts' sweet tone;

Whose love flows out like children's
That have on their mother smiled;
Whose pleasures show fresh and guileless
As the laugh of a little child.

No mar on that country's beauty
Shows ever in any face,

BEYOND

As here, in some loveless visage,
'Mid Nature's holy grace;

They blend with the glories about them,
Perchance in the mid'st they show
As points where the glory heightens,
Like a star in the after-glow.

Such, people the pictured country
That cheers my mental sight;
All hearts turn toward their Sov'reign,
As the eye toward the light.

* * * * * *

O Land of our dreams, of our longing,
Wilt thou always dearer grow
As loved souls slip from among us,
As old joys crumble low?

As our souls more of harmony learning,
Yearn for more than the mixed sound here,
As the love for our Master increases,
Wilt thou alway grow more dear?

BEYOND

Not yet would I leave our sighing—
  Like one in a thick-built town,
Where work abounds, and where interest,
  Who would lay not his labor down ;

But he thinks of the summer's resting,
  He looks at the fair, pure sky,
And comforts his heart with pictures
  Of beyond, where green fields lie.

LIFE'S COMPOUND

In imitation of George Herbert

THREE things full hard to bear in life
do show;
These motley three—joy, tedium, and woe:
But there's a fourth (go, pray for its in-
crease)
Thou canst bear all when mixed with
God's true peace.

TESTED

COMPLETELY armed he stood, with look alert;
His eyes the open casement sought, and thence,
Sought the great heaven beyond: "O Lord," he prayed,
"To gain that glorious end of which I dream
Thy waiting servant will do aught, brave aught,
If Thou wilt but vouchsafe to show the way."
His eyes were bright with fever and with zeal,
His feet firm-set, as for a foeman's shock,
His prayer-clasped hands were stayed upon the sword.
He stood; his thought seemed answering to his prayer:
"Would'st thou do *aught?* Then lay thee down, and wait,

Till strength and opportunity shall come."
His hands dropped to his side; his eyes
grew dull;
He stood before his couch, as turned to
stone;
Then, in dazed fashion, loosed the belted
sword,
Gathered his weapons, wrought of metal
strong,
Noiselessly laid them on the stone-paved
floor,
And laid him down as one lays out the
dead.
But o'er him, as his soul grew patient-
sweet,
The bright-winged thought of that which
was to come
Hovered, and cast a glory on his face.

MIZPAH

FAR apart our sad fates point
And grief doth stamp each brow:
Kiss, nor word, nor written scroll,
May pass between us now.

Thoughts and prayers and love are left,
And tested troth is sweet:
'Tis sweet to sleep and wake to life,
To part in love, and meet.

True, my darling, space is wide,
But God is over all;
What can stray beyond His sight,
Or yet beyond His call?

Lay this blossom at thy breast
And faith will ease our pain:
Roses wither, roses fall,
But roses bloom again.

A CRY

O PEACE of God, fold thy soft wings
And light upon my breast;
O peace of God, with silence meet
Soothe my tossed soul to rest.

Oh, come within these outstretched arms,
My Lord's white carrier dove;
And lay upon my quivering heart,
The message of His love.

THE FOES OF CHRIST

THEY twined, O Lord, a wreath for Thee,
Where mocking thorns bent down;
But on Thy patient brow they set
A glorious, starry crown.

They raised the torturing cross on high,
To bring Thee death and shame,
But set a sign to call the clans
That gather for Thy name.

Then give Thy servants faith to feel
That hostile efforts shown,
May build upon the massive stays
Of Thine eternal throne.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

O THOU for whom Christ suffered, wilt thou ponder,
If naught of thine harsh discord heaven-ward blows—
Think'st thou that He, who 'mid the bliss above us
Looks on thy sinfulness, no sorrow knows?

Think'st thou that all is blessed yet, in Heaven,
That naught but happiness can enter in?
If there be joy, 'mid angels, o'er repentance,
How much of sorrow may there be for sin!

If thou wouldst know how God beholds thy sinning,
Go, look where o'er Jerusalem He weeps;
Go, listen to the accents of His mourning,
And ponder on the grief His soul that steeps.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

If thou hast mourned o'er wayward son
or brother,
Hast anxious watched the ways of kin or
friend,
I pray thee, through thine own remem-
bered anguish,
Our Father's waiting heart thou dost not
rend.

Let not the pains of Christ for thee be
fruitless:
Arouse thee, take: thy Father pleads to
give
"Why will ye die?" He crieth through
the prophet:
Come unto me, saith Christ, and thou
shalt live.

MEMENTO MORI

AS roses bloom and die, smiles come and go;
Hearts beat and break, young revellers bend with woe;
Fair woodland and gay world alike decay;
So mould us, that all beauties seen below
Be sign-marks, by the way, that we may know
That here the winging soul may find no stay.

Yet roots are bedded though the blossom die,
And love breathes, though its treasures fallen lie;
Day's dimming hails a dawn more fully blest;
So mould us, that these death-reminding things,
May seem o'erspread with white and luminous wings,
May bring to thought, yon blessed land of rest.

A REGRET

THOUGH sweet those charms that earth
can oft display,
That tempt the heart from holy things away,
And draw the soul in thrall to linger near,
My heart can will to thrust them from the
eye,
Can timely turn aside with scarce a sigh,
For that they would obscure a thing more
dear;

A joy that grows fair blooms on barren
ways,
That gives sweet odors, where no verdure
strays,
That fills dull-seeming days with sweet
employ;—
O Lord, my highest, dearest, best delight,
Would I had walked more pleasing in Thy
sight,
Ere that Thou hadst become my life's chief
joy.

TRACED ON THE BEACH

WHAT though my voice but feeble discords fling?
What though my life its fruitless efforts give?
Within the ocean's sound I boldly sing,
And in the life of Christ I dare to live.

A GROUP OF PORTRAITS

MY CAMERA

MY camera is ever set
To catch the gleam of Heaven,
That oft, though dull our landscape, yet
To them that watch is given.

It plays about the lips of friends,
It shines from out their eyes,
And oft in stranger-faces lends
An angel-sweet surprise.

My heart is gladdened with the sight
My camera's store can show,
From sweet child-angel's half-seen light
To seraph's serene glow.

A painter from those treasured glints
Might picture paradise;
But ah! I cannot show the prints
To other mortal eyes.

A SUGGESTED IDEAL

'TWAS in the morning worship that I longed
To grasp the painter's brush, which opens heaven,
And lets its light on common ground below;
Which smites the tombs of earth and draws from them
A living loveliness; which typifies
The resurrection morning, when all things
That grace the soul, half-hidden, shall emerge,
And show themselves in heaven's full symmetry.
Between the changing rounds of prayer and praise
I watched the unconscious motions of the man
Who ministered within the chancel rail;
The head a simple type; but when he turned,

And raised sweet eyes upon the people
near,
Soft-brown and pure, and steeped in ten-
derness,
Imagination took her sudden flight
To realms of sweetest love and purest joy,
And, then, first rose within my fancy's
ken
What might have been the face of blest
St. John.

A BOY-FACE

OH, did I wish to paint the morning star,
And semblance of a human visage use;
That seems to carol Christmas from afar,
In beauty as our daydream visions are;
Thy face, sweet youth, were that my brush would choose.

O bright boy-countenance, whose clear blue eyes
Shining beneath thy dusky brown-tinged hair,
Breaks on our gaze a heavenly surprise,
And seems could send from out the dawning skies
A ray of daylight through the early air.

A STUDY OF A FACE

WERE I an artist, purposing to paint
A beautiful young monk, I might have found
Among the clergy of the Southern States
A model for the head I would portray.
It is a countenance pure, delicate
And sweet, with hair, brown-black, like ebony,
And eyes the color of a soft, gray cloud,
Limpid, enlivened with intelligence;
On cheek and brow th' transparent hue which speaks
Frailness of health, but helps to etherealize
The spiritual face, and on the lips
A look of sweetness, so like to a smile,
That smiling deepens it, but does not change.

A PORTRAIT

AMONG the things which carefully my mind
Stores in her treasure-house, and thence draws forth
To gladden world-tired eyes, are freshening thoughts
Of one whom Nature loves, now rarely seen.
One who loves Nature, knows her fair, pure soul,
Who can spend hours of deep, uncloyed delight
Musing upon her varying countenance;
One who notes the pretty ways of birds,
And toys with them, unconscious and engrossed;
Holding, this tall, and large-framed, unkempt man,
Light-perched upon his long and shapely hand,
The little chirping, softly feathered thing,

A PORTRAIT

And needing no companionship beside.
He is an artist, and he loves to paint
The little rounding breast, the huddled group.
He is an artist, poor—as artists are—
But crafty models' feigned tales of woe
Have drawn from out his purse beyond their due.
Ready his sympathy for others' woe,
Like to his homage for another's worth.
A man, an artist, in a narrow world,
And bounded not by self, nor yet by Art;
As rare, methinks, as that rare art which shows
The strange, poetic peopling of his brain.
These things they see who know him, but there are
Who note him as the casual passer-by
Notes but the rough burr on the chestnut shell.

A PORTRAIT

Unlearned, unskilled, in th' maze of social
forms,
He may not meet with ease in formal way,
With childlike nature, and colossal frame,
He brings the thought of Elemental Man.
Fresh, simple, and unconscious—so he
stands;
Fashions and customs, manners, social
rules,
Stirring about him, leave him still un-
changed,
As though but in a shower of falling hail.
Careless his dress, even as are his ways;
And not with fancied artist's careless grace,
But plainly, like a heedless man of toil.
I call him not a diamond in the rough,
A thing we prize for possibilities,
For fairly show his virtue's worthiness
As shows, alway, the arbutus' rare bloom
'Mid last year's sheddings, and its own torn
leaves.

A PORTRAIT

Mark you the fragrance of that wintry
thing;—
Were it unshielded from the outer air
By last year's sheddings, and its own tough
leaves,
Had it so fully born us this fresh bloom?
Large, fresh, and simply nature; generous
heart;
Your own free measure men yield back to
you;
Lover of tree, and bird, and little child,
The kindly thoughts you give, to you are
given.

A BABY PROFILE

WHAT is the new-found marvel
  The baby-eyes aver?—
The little face uplifted,
  The chubby hands astir?

Now, where may be the traveler
  Who notes more keen than you,
Each item of the wonders
  A new world brings to view?

O marvel among marvels,
  The new amid the new;
You joy and wonder, ever—
  We joy and wonder, too.

TO A BABY'S PHOTOGRAPH

TWO chubby shoulders, fit to clasp in arms,
Two chubby cheeks to kiss:
Seen near the blessed Christmas, childish charms
Bring wreaths of thought like this:

O holy Christmas night, whose sweetness hence
Flows on until this hour,
What may have been the lovesome bud from whence
Sprang out a Glorious Flower!

TO LITTLE TODDLING ——

ROSE-BUDS, bursting at the tip,
Cloudlets, round, in spring,
Sprays of lily of the vale,
That cherub-lovely thing ;
Dainty shells of pink and white,
That roll up from the sea ;
Such pretty things, this baby, sweet,
Doth bring to mind for me.

A LITTLE FACE

'TWAS not alone the rounded cherub-cheek,
The red-brown eyes, and maze of lighter hair,
That drew the painter's musing eyes to seek,
Untiring, yonder baby-visage fair.

Time will freely childish graces dole;
But, prithee, whence that deep-born sweetness sprung?
Whence, toddling baby, wee bud of a soul,
So much of meaning in a face so young?

TO A PAINTING OF A HERMIT

YOUNG anchorite; I love to note thy face,
Pure-eyed and sweet, beneath the clinging curls
That lightly wreath about thy shaven head.
Not all in vain thy solitary choice—
The joy that glows within that pictured face,
(Albeit 'tis a spiritual joy
To which a dull world hardly yields the name)
May give a courage to the men who lead
Against their will a life in part like thine—
Cut off from the world's pleasures, and its work.
Not all in vain thy life alone with God;
The sweetness of that gaze, self-buried youth,
Shows this at least to those who look on it,
That in a world where men grow pleasure-mad
We need no joy save that the Christ-child brings.

LOVE VERSES

THE QUEST OF THE TRUE-LOVE

ALL listless and weeping fair Isidore sat,
And loath fell the slow-ebbing sea.
"Now, wherefore so sad?" quoth Sir Egbert, the bold,
"I weep for my true-love," said she.

Ah, hope left his eyes and young mirth fled his lips,
But sweet sympathy lit on his brow;
"And where is thy true-love?" fell soft on her ear,
She, weeping, "Alas, did I know!"

Far brighter than hope shone the light in his eyes,
And sweeter than mirth was his mouth;
"But whence did he wander? I'll mount me, and ride;
I'll seek him from north unto south."

THE QUEST OF THE TRUE-LOVE

Fair Isidore looked at the pallid, young face,
And she looked o'er the desolate sand;
"Ride westward, brave sir, by yon bleak barren way,
Till thou reachest the 'Fair Ladies' Land.'

. . . . . .

A year dragged along, and, again by the sea,
Fair Isidore stood, but with strained, tearless eye,
As it pierced the wide stretch of the low, level sand,
Her breath it came quick, and her color burned high.

"Ah! what is it coming, so small and so far?"
Now larger—and larger—a horseman draws near:

"Alas, dearest lady, I come but alone,
Nor yet have I tidings to meet with thine ear."

"How bitterly cold the bare crags thou hast past!"
"Nay, not to the heart that is warm for thy weal."
"How toilsome and dang'rous the mountain and waste!"
"'Twas light to the soul thou infusest with zeal."

"How restful and mirthful the 'Land of Fair Ladies!'
How sweet, after toil, such refreshment to see!
Each damsel bears chains in her first, lightest glances."
"But not for the knight who is fettered by thee."

She caught his mail gauntlet in both her
soft hands;
"How slanderous the whispers that
made me to fear!
Ah! how could I doubt thee, thou great
one, and constant;
Thy quest hath not failéd, my true-love
is *here*."

PRIDE

I HAD a little rosebud given to me;
I dropped it as I wore it one fair day;
I would not turn to seek it—no; for then
'Twere plain I prized it; so I went my way.

I had a love that made my life a joy;
It seemed to falter one bright summer day;
I could have won it back with but a smile
I would not smile, and so I went my way.

Oh, pride, thou stealest our most treasured things,
Things which to gain we'd risk all else beside.
Lost—lost my rosebud; lost my love, alas!
I might have found them but for thee, O Pride.

A VALENTINE SONG

YE, who love, the young and true,
Youth is fittest time to woo;
Trifle not as worldlings do,
If that ye need not tarry;
Linger not till love is dead,
Take not worldly pride instead,
Woo and wed ere youth is sped,
Woo your mate and marry.

Ye who love not, wed not: nay,
Each, as his own heart may say,
Each, as he may trace his way,
As his life may carry—
Perhaps a love above may wait,
Perhaps on earth will linger late,
Wait, wait, nor mar your fate:
Wait—ah! do not marry.

THE FORTUNE TELLERS

DAISIES, groups of gen'rous gypsies,
Holding out a coin of gold;
Saying,—"Come; for love, O maiden,
May you have your fortune told."

Take my love, O fortune-tellers,
But I ask not for my lot:
For whose love alone were grateful
He most surely loves me not.

Only the white leaves of prayer-hours
Round about the golden throne,
Hold the knowledge that *I* sigh for,
Can *my* mystery make known.

I would scatter wide your petals
Till my strength with them should flee,
If the stript heart of the daisies
Could my own heart show to me.

A SMILE

I THINK she is from Arcady
When breaks her smile so rare ;
And when its radiance turns on *me*,
I think that *I* am there.

TO A WIFE

BUDS are not as sweet as blossoms,
Friend, belov'd so long;
Could I tell thy heart's full fragrance
Sweet indeed my song.

All my soul, near thee abiding,
Breathes unceasing prayer;
For a flower of Heaven's blooming
Scents my daily air.

LOVE IN HIDING

A YOUTH, a maid, and a rosebud given—
Ah! young the girl, and gentle, she;
Dear child, take care,
Youth's heart lies bare,
And comes not yet, true mate for thee.

Wee Love lay deep in the rose-leaves hid;
There were thorns below, and his arrow above:
She lightly laught
At the stinging shaft;
And sadly wept to find t'was Love.

LOVE'S ABIDING

FANCIES fade and passion dies;
Mortals weep when Cupid flies;
May not love endure?
Only love of kindred mind,
Love of souls allied in kind,
Only this, is sure.

NATURE AND FLOWERS

A LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPH

THE nearer meadows, mirrored here,
In fair, broad acres lie;
More goodly fields the camera shows
Than nature gives the eye.

But yonder, past the fringe of trees,
Upon the widening stream,
The firm, round island, grouped with hills
Shows only as a dream.

These mirrorings of the camera's eye
Like childhood's thoughts appear;
They make the distant seem more dim,
And magnify the near.

BY THE SEA

ALONG the low horizon
The gathering clouds agree ;
They rise, with a sea-ward yearning,
They float—and hang over the sea.

In the midst of the great still brooding
I rev'rently meditate
On the Infinite Heart o'erhovering
The formless, void create.

SPRING SECRETS

THE secrets hid in every spring
  Are told by summer's tongue;
Of early bud, each hidden thing
  Is by the full rose sung;

But, ah! thou spring, that stays its June,
Thou bud, that closes still:
How weary grows the heart, that, soon,
  Had thought to learn thy will.

NOVEMBER

LOOK! the leaves like witches revel,
  Rustling robes of crispy kind;
Waltzing, whirling, pirouetting,
  To the measure of the wind.

Hark! he plays upon the tree-tops,
  Through the branches, near and far;
Soft as lullabies at evening,
  Loud, like sounds of ghostly war.

TO DAISY-CLUSTERS

O CLUSTERING daisies, white and yellow glory;
Whence came you?—from the loveliness on high?
Did angels let you slip through shining fingers,
To clasp white hands in heaven's deep ecstacy?

DANDELIONS

YE gold heads turning white,
Twice give a pleasant sight:
In youth's broad molten glow,
In age, with soft halo.

A VALENTINE FROM THE DANDELION

I'VE many little greetings,
In waiting down below,
Beneath the Earth's hard crusting,
Beneath the white, white snow.

I know you'll not forget me,
I know you love me, true;
My myriad glowing blossoms
You'll greet with joy anew.

But while the sports of winter
Your little heart beguile,
Think on the springtime coming,—
On Dandelion, awhile.

My little buds of greeting
In hiding wait for you;
I know you'll not forget me,
I know you love me, true.

UNDER-THE GROUND, Feb. 14th.

BUTTERCUPS

OUR little burnished buttercups, that stand
So deep in grassy lair;
With you I think of freshness in our land,
Mild heat, sweet-scented air;

Who love our sweet June with a tie so dear,
Ye throng her to receive,
Ye only come to us when she is near,
And leave when she doth leave.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

DEAR little blossom, yearly to us given;
For chubby baby hands thou seemest meant:
Did cherubs, playing with the blooms of heaven,
Throw down these tiny bells, so innocent?

TO THE WATERLILY

O! PURE, pure, white, and softly glowing yellow,
Floating on broad green leaves where waters lie;
Looking upon the fullness of thy glories,
Christ! Christ! my heart with quickening beat doth cry.

GOLDEN-ROD

WITH tangled vine and meadows brown,
Our roadside verdure sobers down:
Till, lo! it glows, in charm complete,
With gold-dust from the heavenly street.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO WORDSWORTH

FORGIVE me, thou, O poet great and lovely,
If it have other than a reverent ring,
In likening these, the great mass of thy verses,
To gold beds hid in commoner earthy thing.

For well I love to turn thy leaves with pencil,
Like miner wandering o'er the precious ground,
And here and there to set a mark for guidance
To where the deep veins of the gold abound.

ADELAIDE PROCTER

THOU would'st she bore no scorch, no
mark of flame?
Thou would'st her beauty wore a gayer
phase?
Then where the halo that enwreathes her
name,
And sheds its holy light on those who
gaze?

TO FICTION-WRITERS

MY heart can bear to hear of sin,
If he who tells have hope and tear;
But cries for peace, if he begin
His tale or with despair or sneer.

ON READING A FAVORITE AUTHOR

WHEN 'tis an angel sings the mournful strain
I weep, but with the thought to smile again;
Then bid me sigh or smile, lament, rejoice,
I shrink from nothing in a heavenly voice.